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Private Secretary to Governor—C. E. Egbert.
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Assistant Auditor—Charles S. Green.
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Insurance Commissioner—L. C. Norman.
Deputy Com.—Virgil Hewitt.
Clerks—J. A. Coates and H. F. Duncan.
Adjutant General—John B. Castellan.
Clerk—Wickham Chapman.
Supt. Arsenal—W. G. Thompson.
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State Librarian—Mrs. Virginia Hanson.
Clerk—Walker Peters.
Inspector of Mines—C. J. Norwood.
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Penitentiary Warden—Jerry South.
Deputy Warden—George Taylor.

COURT OF APPEALS.

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SUPERIOR COURT.

Presiding Judge, A. E. Richards; Judges, James H. Bowden, A. E. Richards, J. Q. Ward; Sergeant, John M. Elliott; Tipstaff, John Stuart.
Fairdorn Commissioners—J. P. Thompson, A. R. Boone, J. D. Young.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Senators—Hon. James B. Beck and Hon. J. C. Blackburn.
Representative, Fourth District—Hon. T. A. Robertson.
STATE LEGISLATURE—4th DISTRICT.
Senator—Hon. Simeon E. Hill.
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COUNTY.

Circuit Court.
Hon. Lucius P. Little, Judge, Owensboro. Hon. Joseph Noe, Attorney, Owensboro. J. P. Thompson, Clerk, Hartsville. Clarence Hartwick, Clerk, Hartsville. Jno. P. Barrett, Master Com'r, Hartsville. R. P. Hocker, Sheriff, Beaver Dam. Deputies—J. P. Gilmore, Fordville; P. E. Hocker, Beaver Dam; J. M. Cassel, Rockport.

Court convenes four Mondays in May and November and continues four weeks each term.

County Court.

C. W. Massie, Judge, Hartsville. T. J. Smith, Clerk, Hartsville. Court convenes on the first Monday in every month.

Quarterly Court.

Held on the third Mondays in January, April, July and October.

Court of Claims.

Begin on the first Mondays in January and October.

Other County Officers.

Charles Hendrie, Surveyor, Rockport. J. W. Barnett, Auditor, Rockport. L. P. Loney, County School Supt., Hartsville.

Police Courts.

HARTFORD—J. S. Glenn, Judge; W. H. Maury, Marshal. Courts held first Monday in March, June, September and December. BEAVER DAM—R. F. Yewell, Judge; Wm. H. Blankenship, Marshal. Courts held first Saturday in January, April, July and Oct.

CROWWELL—N. C. Daniel, Judge; H. P. Wise, Marshal. Courts held second Saturday in January, April, July and October.

CRAWFORD—V. D. Fulkerson, Judge; J. S. Tifford, Marshal. Courts held second Saturday in January, April, July and October.

HAMILTON—J. W. Lankford, Judge; P. M. Brown, Marshal. Courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October.

ROCKPORT—J. Held, Judge; no Marshal. Courts held first Thursday in January, April, July and October.

ROCKWELL—J. J. Layton, Judge; no Marshal. Courts held first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Judges Courts.

FORDVILLE—J. J. Harder, March 4, June 8, September 8, December 2. Joseph Miller, March 8, June 12, September 12, December 12. BURNETT—C. E. Fields, March 8, June 8, September 8, December 8. J. McKindley, March 8, June 8, September 8, December 8. HARTFORD—R. A. Stevens, March 10, June 10, September 10, December 10. J. B. Byers, March 10, June 10, September 10, December 10. ROCKPORT—R. Duncan, March 20, June 10, September 10, December 10. J. B. Byers, March 10, June 10, September 10, December 10. CROWWELL—J. P. Morton, March 16, June 16, September 16, December 16. J. B. Byers, March 16, June 16, September 16, December 16. ROCKWELL—W. M. Anney, March 16, June 16, September 16, December 16. J. B. Byers, March 16, June 16, September 16, December 16.

Constables.

FORDVILLE—J. N. Payne, P. O. Fordville. BEAVER DAM—George H. Latham. ROCKPORT—A. P. Howard. ROCKWELL—W. L. Miller, P. O. Horse Branch. CROWWELL—G. W. Martin, P. O. Crowwell.

CHURCH.

BAPTIST—Services second Saturday and Sunday of each month; Rev. J. S. Coleman, pastor. M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH—Services third and fourth Sundays in each month. Rev. L. E. Campbell, pastor. UNBAPTIST PRESBYTERIAN—Services second and fourth Sundays and Sunday nights in each month. No pastor. METHODIST EPISCOPAL (colored)—Services every Sunday morning and night. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Rev. B. J. Ward, pastor. ALBANY BAPTIST (colored)—First and third Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Rev. C. H. Howell, pastor.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. XII.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, OCTOBER 20, 1886.

NO. 42.

THE HEART IS EVER YOUNG.

The heart is young, the heart is ever young. Thrilling with rapturous emotions still. When time's dirge of many years has rung, As when the glad voice, from cave and hill, Rang out in early youth, and many a thrill Of joy delight rang through each stainless breast. The heart is ever young and takes its fill Of joy, when in the robes of age 'tis dressed, Or on a mother's bosom finds its nest. Time makes no wrinkles on it; it is full. In the old man of three score years and ten As in the stripling, buoyant, free from care, Longing to reach the ripper years of men. The kindly eagle boasts a sharper ken. When he has soared aloft for many years, Braving the sunshine, lightning storm, as when First from his eyrie, mid contending fens, He rose, and soared the depths where eagles appear.

The looks may whiten, the snows of age And nature fade upon the slightest toll; Sound sleep to silence and no more engage. The latest ear, once opened to the world, Of father, mother, sister, loved ones all; The blood still circulates round a youthful heart, Which although conscious of its bitter thrall, Lives in its pleasant memories, to part From them, when life's last deep foundations start.

THE MYSTERIOUS POCCERY.

It was a bleak October morning, and Mr. Walter Crump, cashier to the firm of Messrs. Livezey & Mason, quickened his pace as he made his way along Thorton Street to the scene of his daily toil. It was not that he feared to be late that Mr. Crump was walking fast. During the forty years that he sat upon a high stool from 10 to 5, Mr. Crump had never been known to be late for his work. A more methodical man never living on a ledger or balanced cash-book.

At length he reached the well-known staircase, opened the door, and stood still a moment in surprise. Young Carter, the assistant book-keeper, was there before him, already at his work. Mr. Crump smiled grimly. "So you've made a beginning, young man," he said. "Well, we'll see." Carter's face flushed a little as he made the older man good morning. The fact was that Crump, who had married rather late in life, had a bright-eyed daughter named Annie, with whom Robert Carter had fallen very much in love. It was only on the preceding evening that things had come to a crisis, and, somewhat to the young man's surprise, Mr. Crump had rejected the proposed arrangement. He did not like young Carter. He did not approve of the young man's fashionably cut collar, nor of his scarf-pin, nor of his cane. Such things Mr. Crump considered were the signs of a frivolous disposition and unsteady habits. Nor did Mr. Crump approve of the snatches of comic song which Carter was continually humming. He suspected that the young man frequented night halls, and spent money on cheap cigars, novels and outings that was proper for one in his position. Besides, Mr. Robert Carter was usually the last of all the clerks to arrive in the morning, and this was in Mr. Crump's eyes, a very bad sign. It was plain to the old man's eyes that Carter was now making an attempt to win his good opinion.

"Time will show—time will show," said Mr. Crump in rather an aggravating way, as he changed his coat, opened his desk, unlocked his safe, and took out his work. Soon the other clerks began to arrive, and then came Mr. Mason, the acting partner, a tall, pale man, with long black whiskers. Mr. Livezey, the senior partner, only came to the office twice a week, to examine the bank book and see how things were going on. Mr. Mason opened the letters, and soon appeared at Mr. Crump's desk with a small sheaf of notes in his hand. These were letters in reply to which small sums of money had to be sent, and it belonged to Mr. Crump to take them to them, for he had authority to sign checks for the firm for sums up to five pounds.

Mr. Crump first made a list of the payments he had to make, and then went to the safe for his check-book. As he opened it to write the first check he was surprised to find that the counterfoil belonging to the last check which had been taken from the book had not been filled up. He could hardly believe his eyes. Never in his life had he written a check without first filling up the counterfoil with particulars of the amount, the date and the person to whom the check was sent. But his surprise changed to dismay when he took out his cash-book and found that he had only drawn nine checks the day before, the counterfoils of which were all properly filled up, whereas a tenth check had been torn out of the book.

For a moment he sat as if stunned. Could any one have stolen the blank check? He always kept the key of his safe on his own bunch; but it was just possible that some one might have got possession of the key, taken an impression of it in wax, and had a false key made. He had heard of such things. He leaned his head on his hands and tried to think. When had he closed

the safe last night? About 4 in the afternoon, before any one had left the office for the day; for he remembered that he had been sent to the docks about 4 o'clock with some documents for a ship that was about to sail, and that when he got back at half-past six everybody had left, and the place was in darkness.

If the blank check had been stolen, the thief must have been committed last night—or this morning. Could the safe have been opened before his arrival? He remembered Carter's unusually early appearance, and threw a suspicious glance at the young man.

Then a simpler solution of the matter occurred to him. It was very possible that in tearing out the last check he had drawn the day before he had torn out two by mistake, folded them up, and sent off together. This would of course, account for the appearance of the check-book. He determined to write at once to Marshall & Company, merchants in Liverpool, to whom he had sent his last check, and ask whether a blank check had been sent to them by mistake.

Then the question arose—should he mention the circumstances to Mr. Mason? On consideration Mr. Crump thought it was not necessary to do so. Mr. Mason was rather a hard man to deal with, and a confession would ruin the character for carelessness which the cashier had so long enjoyed. And he fully expected that in two days at most he would get a letter from Liverpool enclosing the slip of paper which had caused him so much anxiety.

The next day was Tuesday, and according to his invariable custom on that day of the week, Mr. Livezey made his appearance in the office. Business had not long commenced, when every one in the establishment was aware that something unusual had happened. Mr. Mason was closeted with his partner for a few minutes, and then hurriedly out of the office, returning shortly afterward with Mr. Jeffreys, the manager of the London and Lancashire bank, at which the firm kept their accounts.

Then Mr. Jeffreys left, and his cashier accompanied by one of his clerks. Then a bell was rung and Mr. Crump was sent for. With a beating heart and a cold sweat on his brow the cashier opened the summons:

"Bring your check-book, Mr. Crump," said the senior partner. This was done, and a tall man whom Mr. Crump had not noticed up to that time, stepped up to the table and glanced at the check-book along with Mr. Livezey.

"I thought so," exclaimed the old gentleman, "Here is the place from which the check is taken. Here is the counterfoil. The numbers correspond. What made you do it, Crump? You are the last man in the world from whom I would have expected such conduct."

"Do what sir?" faintly uttered Mr. Crump. "Do what?" echoed his employer, with a contemptuous smile. "Who did you get to do this bit of work for you?"

As he spoke Mr. Livezey tossed a glance over the table. Mr. Crump took it up and read: The London and Lancashire Bank. Pay Jos. Beckman, Esq., or order, three thousand one hundred and seventy-two pounds fifteen shillings.—Livezey and Mason.

He looked up bewildered. The tall man in the frock coat watched him narrowly. "Who is this Beckman?" asked Mr. Livezey. "I don't know, sir." "You don't know! You see that the check has come from your book."

"Yes, sir." "Did you give it to any one?" "No, sir." "Did you miss it?" "Yes, sir; I missed it yesterday; and I wrote to Messrs. Marshall, to whom I had sent the one before that, thinking that I had torn out two by mistake."

"That rather points to his innocence," whispered Mr. Livezey to the tall man at his elbow. "It may only be a clever plant, sir," returned the other.

"You did not put that among the others to be copied in the letter-book," put in Mr. Mason. Crump hung his head.

"Is the check—" he began, after a pause. "Of course it is forged," answered Mr. Livezey.

"And was it paid?" "Yes; it was paid yesterday." Mr. Crump shuddered, took a long breath, and waited.

"Now, Crump, you had better make a clean breast of it," said Mr. Livezey after a few moments' silence. "Tell us who this man Beckman is; tell us where the money is—it can't be all spent already—and it will be none the worse for you."

Mr. Crump felt a choking sensation in his throat; but he plucked up courage enough to say, "I have told you already, sir, that I know nothing about it. It was only yesterday morning that I noticed that a check had been taken from the book."

"Why did you not mention it?" asked Mr. Mason. "I thought I had torn it out myself along with the one I sent to Mr. Marshall."

"But it may have been torn out by any one in the office during the day before."

"Yes, sir," replied Crump. "I don't see how any one could have got at the book, for I am very careful; but it is possible."

"The thief has probably got a professional forger to copy the signature from an old letter," said Mr. Mason, taking up the slip of paper. "It is beautifully imitated. I could not have detected it myself."

"It is plain that the thief must have been some one in the office, though probably he had an accomplice outside," said Mr. Jeffreys. "A stranger would not have known that the firm had so large a balance at the moment. Is there any one of your fellow-clerks whom you think may have had a hand in it?" he added, turning to the cashier.

"No, sir." "Is there any one who keeps loose company, or who is in the habit of spending too much money?" Mr. Crump thought of Carter, and hesitated for a moment. "Speak, sir, if you are wise," said Mr. Livezey, sternly.

"I have sometimes thought that Mr. Carter spent a good deal on dress, and so on; but not more than many young men," replied Mr. Crump. But as he spoke he suddenly remembered Robert Carter's unusually early appearance on the preceding morning, and a suspicion arose in his mind. Without intending it he allowed his thoughts to appear in his face, so that his protest—"I know nothing whatever against Mr. Carter"—had but little effect.

SUGGS AND SWEETHEARTS.

Our Rockport Reporter Takes a Side-Wipe at Commercial Felicity.—The Hartford Fair and its Prerogatives.—Things in General.—News Notes.

ROCKPORT, KY., Oct. 11, 1886. Hurrah for Caruth! He downed the champion of political religion, Mrs. Thompson and Federal Aid—but this is not the theme.

If love is not a great, fair devil, then Plato and Ficinus have lied, and Austin and Aristotle are right, and we may sing paeans to love, though Byron said "All my coupled contemporaries are bald and discontented."

"The gem that clasps the royal robe, The worldlings eyes may dazzle, But love will light his glow-worm lamp. In eot, as well as in the day."

Something in the air, I presume, stamped a couple from this place (Mr. E. C. Woodburn and Miss Alice Campbell) at Hartford Saturday, and it is supposed they never stopped this side of Greta Green, by the river Sork, on the Scottish border, where the famous bridge connects two kingdoms, and where Lord Erskine consummated a sweet little romance in the rough.

Though Venus has threatened to break Cupid's arrows and whip him on his bare back with her phantom, he is just as incorrigible to-day, as when he tamed the monster-conquering Hercules. With these remarks I approach the main "pitch."

It is strange the plodding directory does not catch on to a long felt, empty want, and incorporate the marriage industry into our other agricultural enterprises.

If there is one interest of society more neglected, and, at the same time, more clamorous than another, at the Hartford Fair, it is the universal, absorbing, soul-wounding sweetheart business. An interest in the pall and talls of which all ages flounder, from the gawky youth, who has just reached the chaw-baccar and cupping stage, to the old dizzard in his anecdotalog. Yet, if there is a single hopeless latch-string about that beautiful, love-inspiring ground, its geography is utterly unknown to the unprovided and miserable lover.

Then it is blank, idiotic violence to economic principles, to freeze sweethearts out and force them to flee to Tennessee, to spend their ducats in riotous living, when that money may be kept at our county capital. Why, the highest entry fees would be paid on an elopement ring, for the merest trifling premium, besides an occasional exhibit would break the monotony of the usual routine and draw immensely. It would beat Beck. By the way, your correspondent told to Mr. Morton, Friday, "your old town circulated the report that Beck would be there, just to entice the unwary that they might be fooled, and I'm going to boycott you." "Oh," said he, "you have been boycotting us all the time, but it doesn't amount to anything. If you don't want to be imposed on, about the best thing the likes of you can do, is to come into the ring."

This little jeu d'esprit silenced my iron-clad battery. But, really, marrying is getting to be popular of late, and there are so many varied and unforeseen influences to drift the unsuspecting to this end, it promises to become a leading industry of the times, as it were, especially during the Democratic administration, and that means next to always.

There is ample evidence that a scheme to encourage, the enterprise would be profitable. If history repeats itself, and "I think it do," it is only a question of time when an industrious young man will have twenty thousand sweethearts, as an ancient gallant contented to having "twenty at Athens, fifteen at Corinth, as many at Thebes, at Leeson and at Rhoads, twice as many at Ionia, thrice at Coria, twenty thousand in all."

In fact, there is no earthly danger of its going out of fashion and leaving a dead end on a hopeful catalogue; for love's arts by which it circumvents and victimizes even the oldest inhabitants, promise a reign of years. Now, you know, for instance, there is the wooing, cooling and billing, known as the Mohammedan process. If this fails, resort may be had to persuasion, as in Montague's case, or like Cleo, he may be bribed into it, or like Benedict, knocked into it. Do you see? There is no killing such an institution. There was John Howard, actually tumbled into marrying, and Milton literally swept into it, Paradise and all, to say nothing of his L'Alegro and Il Penseroso which he stole like the literary thief he was. But Swift, that contemptible deprecator of the most sacred thing on earth, woman's love, "whose passion for Vanessa and Stella, broke the heart of one and wore that of the other out," had to be shamed into it. Yet, the most successful way, by far, is to be, like Romeo, loved into it.

I tell you, there is no risk. It's bound to be popular, and now it remains to be seen whether Hartford does the tide as it flows, or rears back to die of sheer inertia.

hook handwriting, I would say "Though angels may write yet devils must print," for some sentences in my letters are horribly mangled, still they will do to light the reader's pipe. SUGGS.

The Blair Bill. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That for eight fiscal years next after the passage of this act there shall be annually appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the following sums of money, to-wit: The first year, the sum of SEVEN million dollars; the second year, the sum of NINE million dollars; the third year, the sum of ELEVEN million dollars; the fourth year, the sum of ELEVEN million dollars; the fifth year, the sum of ELEVEN million dollars; the sixth year, the sum of ELEVEN million dollars; the seventh year, the sum of SEVEN million dollars; the eighth year, the sum of SEVEN million dollars, at which time appropriations under this act shall cease. Said sums thus appropriated shall be known as the common-school fund, and shall be used to aid in the support of free common schools as hereinafter provided.

SEC. 2. That such money shall annually be divided among and paid out to the several States according to the number of their respective populations of ten years old and upward, as shown by the last preceding published United States census, who can not read; and the sums thus ascertained shall, on or before the first day of October of the year eighteen hundred and eighty-six, and of each succeeding year, be certified by the Secretary of the Interior to the Secretary of the Treasury, who shall, upon the estimates and requisitions of the Secretary of the Interior, pay them over, in four installments, to the Treasurer of each State so entitled, or to such officer thereof as shall be authorized to receive the same, which said sums shall be credited to the school fund of such State; it being the intention of this act to leave to each State the full control and disbursement of said fund according to its own educational system and under its own laws, subject only to the conditions hereinafter named. But no State, after the first appropriation under this act, shall receive under its provisions a greater sum than such State shall have expended during the previous school year for like purposes of public instruction from moneys raised or appropriated in said year by State or local authority.

SEC. 3. That before any State shall be entitled to receive its share of said fund it shall have complied with the following conditions: First—That it shall have provided by law, either general or local, for the free common-school education of all its children of school age, without distinction of color, for at least three months in each year, from the funds provided for schools under the laws of said State; Provided, That separate schools for white and colored children shall not be considered a distinction of color.

SECOND—That no part of said fund shall be expended, directly or indirectly, under any pretense whatever, for the purchase, erection, preservation, repair, or rent of any building or buildings, or for sites or lots for the location thereof, or in paying the salary of any public officer or other person not engaged in teaching.

THIRD—That the Governor thereof, on or before the first day of October of each year, shall have filed with the Secretary of the Interior a statement, certified by him, giving a detailed account of the payments or disbursements made of the school-fund apportioned to his State and received by the State Treasurer or officer under this act, and of the balance in the hands of such Treasurer or officer withheld, unclaimed, or for any cause unpaid or unexpended, and also the amount expended in such State as required by section five of this act: Provided, That the foregoing requirements of this third condition precedent shall not apply to the first allotment under this act. Said statement shall also, as to the preceding school year in each State, set forth the number of public, common and industrial schools actually taught in each; the total amount received from State taxes and from local taxes, and the total amount expended for common-school purposes; and the number of male and female, white and colored; and the number of months in each year schools have been maintained in each school district. The Secretary of the Interior shall prepare forms of such blanks as shall facilitate making of the reports herein provided for, and transmit the same to the proper State authorities.

FOURTH—That it shall have applied all moneys by it previously received under the provisions of this act in accordance therewith.

SEC. 4. That the Secretary of the Interior shall have power to hear and examine any complaints of misappropriation or unjust discrimination in the use of the funds herein provided for, and shall, on or before the first day of December in each year, report the results of investigation to the Secretary of the Treasury, who shall withhold any subsequent apportionment by virtue hereof.

of until the amount so misplaced or misappropriated shall have been replaced by such State and applied as herein required; and each State from which such apportionment shall be withheld shall have the right to appeal from the decision of the Secretary of the Interior to Congress.

SEC. 5. That in such States as shall maintain separate schools for white and colored children, the money so apportioned herein shall be divided according to the respective number therein of such white and colored children of the same school age.

SEC. 6. That an amount not exceeding ten percentum of the sum apportioned to each State may be used for the education of teachers.

SEC. 7. That the sum of \$7,000,000 is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, which shall be apportioned as directed herein.

SEC. 8. That this act shall apply to the Territories in the same manner and upon the same terms as to the States: Provided, That where no common-school system is established by law, the Secretary of the Interior shall be charged with the practical administration of this act, through the Commissioner of Education, who shall report annually to Congress its practical operation.

He Had Out-Traveled Him. A traveler called very late for breakfast at a hotel kept by Dr. Thompson, of Atlanta, Ga., and who was a celebrated joker. The meal was hurriedly prepared and Thompson, feeling that the feed was not quite up to the mark, made all sorts of apologies all around the eater, who worked on in silence, never raising his head beyond the affirmative influence of his fork or by an act acknowledging even the presence of mine host.

This sulky demeanor rather annoyed the doctor, who, changing the range of his battery, stuck his thumbs in his vest arm holes, expanded his chest by robbing the room of half its air and said:

"Now, mister, durn me if I hadn't made all the apology necessary, an' more too, considering the breakfast and who gets it; and now I tell you I have seen dirtier, worse cooked, worse tasted, worse looking and a durn stiffer smaller breakfast than this is several times."

The weary hungry one meekly laid down his tools, swallowed the bite in transit, placed the palms of his hands together and modestly looking up at the vexed and fumed landlord, told him dead with the following words:

"Is—what—you—say—true?" "Yes, sir," came with vindictive promptness.

"Well, then, I'll be d—d, old man, if you hadn't out-traveled me!" The Inventor of Valve Motion. The invention of the valve to steam engine was made by a mere boy. Newcomen's engine was in a very incomplete condition, from the fact there was no way to open and close the valve except by means of levers operated by hand. He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy, (Humphrey Potter), was hired to work these levers. Although this was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working the levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction and at the same time he had to open and close the valves. He procured a strong cord, and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve-lever, and the boy had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion. A short time after the foreman came around, and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine, he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of his invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a practical form and made the steam engine an automatically working machine.

Saved His Life. Mr. D. I. Wilcoxon, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with Phthisis, also Diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from the first bottle, and after taking six bottles, was entirely cured and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Saying he positively believes he would have died had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at 50 cents a bottle by J. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Stranger After Than Before. Confinement, labor shorter and less painful than on two former occasions; physician astonished; I thank you for Mother's Friend, writes a lady in South Carolina. Address the Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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